IN Lake Balkal, in Asia, the extraordinary depth of more than five thousand six hundred feet has been reached,

making this by far the deepest fresh water known. Lake

Tanganyika, in Africa, is said to be more than four thou-

sand one hundred and ninety feet deep. Its deepest bottom



Here Are Three Little McAdoos

And Former Secretary of the Treasurer McAdoo Is

Father of One and Grandfather of Two



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the flight in 1791 of the French royal family from Paris. They were captured and sent back to the capital. Louis XVI. and his wife, the one haughty Marie Antoinette of Austria, were beheaded and royalists, without distinction, were killed.

THE LOVE GAMBLER A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

David's Efforts to Avoid Recognition by Miss Bristol Bring Him a Stiff Rebuke From Mr. Leighton.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water. CHAPTER XXI.

is 1,600 feet below sea level.

T the entrance of the apartment house in which Mrs. Duffield lived were two large clusters of electric lights that made the night as bright as day. Had the chauffeur dismounted from his seat, his face would have been plainly visible to the trio in the limousine. So he sat still,

For a moment, Samuel Leighton waited. Then with an impatient movement he opened the door helped his sister from the car and conducted her up the steps. Returning, he spoke brusquely.

"The Astor now, Smith!" At the Hotel Astor the conditions were as bad, even worse, than at the apartment house from which the car had just come. To conceal one's face in this glare of light was Impossible. So once more David remained scated.

Matters were simplified for him here by the fact that the doorman was all attention, and the chauffeur's services were not required. When Mr. Leighton had accompanied his guest into the hotel, he came back to the car. He paused as if about to speak, then with a brief Home now!" took his seat.

That a time for explanations was coming, David was sure. Just what was suspected about him he did not Norah's information had been most satisfactory. He feared to learn the truth, yet could not stand the suspense of uncertainty. And if the truth was not guessed by Mr. Leighton, how much was the employer displeased by his employe's lack of proper courtesy this

Soon to Be Enlightened. David was soon to be enlightened.

As he stopped the car in front of the Leighton home, he sprang down and opened the door for its owner. Mr. Leighton got out slowly, then turned and faced his chauf-

"Smith" he said gravely, "you are not a drinking man, are you?" "Why, no, sir. Of course I am not!" was the prompt answer. am glad; for it you were drinking man I would think that a glass too much might account for your behavior tongiht.

"My behavior tonight, sir?" To repeat these words seemed the safest speech to make just now. Yes. I have never seen you so lacking in good manners."

"Lacking in good manners, sir?" Mr. Leighton frowned. "Do not stand there repeating my words after me like that!" he commanded, indignantly. "What excuse have you to make to me?"

"Pardon me, sir, if I seem very stupid. But you have not told me what I have done to displease you." "I took it for granted that you would know," the older man retorted. "Since you evidently do not, will tell you. In the first place, you did not open the car door for my guest to get out when she came here to supper."

A Poor Excuse.

"But sir. Norah came out for her, and opened the door, too." "Which was not her place at all. and you should have known it was not. Later, when you arrived to take the ladies home, you stood with you, and then you took your seat | instead of waiting to close the car

door after we were seated. "At Mrs. Duffield's house you sat still and allowed me to open the car door for myself and go up the steps with Mrs. Duffield. What is your

"I thought, sir, that you would want to take Mrs. Duffield in your-"I did want to. But you should

have come around and opened the car door for me." "There is usually a doorman there

to do that, sir." "But he was not there tonight!" Mr. Leighton exclaimed. "Don't be so stupid:" "I am sorry, sir. I will try to do

better another time. I will remember your instructions. "You did not need those instruc-

tions. Smith." the employer accused. That was proved by the fact that when I reached here just now, you opened the car door for me. You were either very careless tonight or your mind was not on your job. advise you to keep it there in the

"Telephone to Miss Leighton in the morning by 9 o'clock for your orders for the day," Samuel Leighton added, turning to go into the house. "And, after this, try to think of the work you have to do, and that only.' "Very well, sir. Good night, sir,

the chauffeur replied meekly. "I am sure I don't know what alls the fellow," Leighton complained to his daughter a few minutes later. I scored him well, but he did not answer back. He had not been drinking, that was evident. Had I not seen him at other times I would think that he was a

"But perhaps he is in love, which amounts to the same thing," Le added with a laugh.

His daughter did not smile. 'If he is in love, it is with Norah," she said. Then she shook her head im-"It is absolutely unthinkable," she declared angrly.

Her father shrugged hs shoulders. "I don't see just why." he said. "Smith seemed to be a supcerior kind of chap, to be sure, but when a pretty girl appears one never can tell what change will come over a man's bearing and manners. Of course, Smith behaved abominably, and I told him so. Yet, if he is in love, do not be too hard on him-or Norah. It is not a sin, you know.'

(To be continued.)

Advice to the The Rhyming **Optimist** Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He Didn't Come to Dinner. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
There is a young man I really love and yet I do not know whether he cares for me. He was introduced to my family by a friend of ours and my mother seemed to like him, in fact we

all did. One night we went to a party and I was with him nearly all the time and twas with him hearly all the time and when we were going home, he asked me if I cared for him, and I said yes, and he told me he cared for me. He seemed very anxious about seeing me soon, so I invited him to dinner the next day, but he did not show up. And my mother seemed very angry, and I wrote him a tetter teil-ing him not to call at my house again. But not saying that I did not care to see him, and, as he knows my business Now, Miss Fairfex, as I care for this young man very much I should like your advice. HELENA.

I dare say the young man thought the acquaintance ended with the receipt of your letter telling him not to call again at your house. He seems to have treated you pretty shabbily and I am really wondering if you care about renewing the acquaintance. If you do, there is nothing to do but to write to him or see him.

Too Calculating.

The talk had ranged from jazzing to oysters, and then on to violets. She made it go that way. "Of course, there's a big difference between a botanist and a florist," said the young man.

"Yes. A botanist is one who knows all about flowers, and a florist is one who knows all about the price your back to me until I spoke to | people will pay for them."

The June Bug Jimmy Had on a Piece of Thread Got Away and Flew Right in

Grandma's Ear Trumpet.

NOW JIMMY

YOUR MOTHER YOU'D

NOT START THE

PHONOGRAPH

YOU PROMISED

By FONTAINE FOX

"Is there, really?" as his fair com-

By Aline Michaelis.

CAID the spinster to the flapper: "Men are very, very few: don't insist that they be dap-Take them as they come to you. Lord knows, there were none too many in the days of ninetyeight; but now there are scarcely any. Girls can only sit and wait. And I'm sorry for you, girlie, for although your smile is sweet and your hair is soft and curly and your figure's very neat, men just simply are not present. They were sent to France, you know, and each greedy little peasant over there has someone's beau. It's by far the most depressing situation I've beheld there's no use to think of dressing or to get my hair marcelled," And the spinster, sighing sadly, sits all swaddled up in gloom; she is feeling very badly, she is cheerful as the tomb. Then she notices the flapper, who has risen from her chair and has shed her comfy wrapper and is doing up her hair. And the flapper takes the powder and she rubs it roundabout. Nature has quite well endowed her, but she helps the old dame out. Then she takes a scarlet pencil and she makes her lips quite pink, and she labors with a stencil 'til her brows are black as ink. And the spinster, sitting gloomy, stares a grim sarcastic stare as she sees the maid. all bloomy, starting out to take the air. But her senses almost fail her as she looks into the street, for a soldier and a sailor with a cheer the flapper greet; several golfers toward her hurry and ten schoolboys round her dance, and the flapper doesn't worry o'er the greedy girls in France,

Ellen McAdoo (center) is also the granddaughter of President Wilson. The small boy at the right is Francis Huger McAdoo, Jr., and at the left of little Miss Ellen is Francis's sister, Anne. Francis and Anne are the children of Francis Huger McAdoo, son of William G. McAdoo, and Ellen is his charming little daughter and the daughter of President Wilson's daughter Eleanor.

Jr.

By David Cory.

Brian O'Lin had no breeches to wear, So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair, With the fleshy side out and the woolly "Ah, ha, this is warm" said Brian O'Lin. Brian O'Lin and his wife and wife's They all went ever the bridge together: The bridge broke down and they all fell

"Mischief take will" quoth Brian O'Lin. O UT this was not the only thing that happened. Puss Junior and his Good Gray Horse were also thrown into the river. It took the Good Gray Horse some time to swim to land, for he had sprained his left big, and, to the dismay of his small owner, he was obliged to limp along the road, and finally to balt altogether.

"You had better come to our house," said Brian O'Lin, "we will feed and bed your horse and give you come warm clothing. I amalmost frozen myself with this

pester, wetting." When the Good Gray Horse was made comfortable Puss Junior went inside the limiter and put in a warm coat which Mrs. O'Lin had got out for him. Of course, the whole family had to put on dry clothing, after which they sat around the fire and Lathert.

"It will take some time to dry

your breaches," said Puss. "The wordly side is just souled." "I remember the sheep if came from," said Mr. O'Lin. "If was a hig ram that was killed in a fight with another. So I skinned him and

They are very nice in the winter "So you lost a fine sheep, but gained a pair of breeches," laughed Pass, "I remember how Little Bo Peep nearly last her sheep. You see, I helped her find them, It was one of my earliest adventures."

made myself a pair of breeches.

"Tell us, my good Sir Puss Junenclaimed Mrs. O'Lin. "I think it was little Jenny Ween who first showed me their tails hanging on a tree. Then So Peop came along, crying bitterly. So I offered her my aid," said Puss stretching out his locs before the fire and curling his mustache like a regularizationy fetters

"After a while we came across them, quietly feeding in a neadow. I had taken down the woodly tails and stuffed them in my pocket, so when we found her sheep, Bo Peep and I praned them on again. You see, they looked so queer without them, and then, too, you remember what it says in Mother Goose: "Leave them alone, and they'll come home.

Bringing their tails behind them." "And they couldn't have done that if we hadn't pinned them on." And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.) To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots Summer Hats Hot Weather and Skirts Habits

By Rita Stuyvesant.

S the curtain goes up on the A first of the summer styles the transition from the spring models promises to be a pleasant one, if one is to judge by the delightfully cool frocks and other bits of feminine finery that are on dis-

The summer styles impress with their simplicity and especially the newest of crisp organdie skirts. with hats to match, rely solely on their dainty material for becomingness. What could be more charming on a warm afternoon than these lovely sheer costumes? Most picturesque was a lovely

skirt of organdie in the fashionable lettuce green color worn with a hat of the same shade and a plain white blouse. The skirt was hemstitched in bands about five inches wide and finished with a deep bem at the ottom. A broad belt of the organdie was trimmed with a doubte row of small pearl buttons on either ade of the front and there were also dainty patch pockets. Another summery suggestion is

the skirt in peach-color organdse, made beautiful with evelet emboudery. This skirt was rise a twopiece model, moderately shirted at the belt with a deep border of evelets about knee-length.

Scarlet worsted made gay another skirt of ciel blue organdie that was extremely individual. The pockets were brightened with a rather crude design and the hem was outaned with three rows of "darning stitch." done in the scarlet worsted Hand crochet flowers in pale blue lent an attractive note to a skirt of emon-colored organdie. They were used at the belt as a corsage, and also at intervals on the cuff hem. which was turned on the outside Gracefulness characterizes the picturesque ergandie hats that acempany these smart skirts. Made on a wire frame, one of the newest models was covered in a raspherry shade and trimmed with an enormons bow of the crisp material. The frame was smoothly covered with the organdic and the edge was outlined with a half-inch picoted frill. A bias strip was draped about

the crown and tied in a huge how at a smart angle in the front. Hematitching was favored on a fetching hat to match an orchidtinted skirt. The brim was covered with a large circle of organdic picot on the edge and be several times a half inch apart The bow was also hemstitched

and wired to place. These costumes are delightfully cool and are so simple to make. Individual taste can be satisfied, too, for the organdic comes in all the fashionable colors, and one can choose to suit her particular type

By Brice Belden, M. D.

HE very young and the very old are unusually susceptible to the depressing effects of heat, but people of ail ages are more or less affected and, therefore, everybody should know how to guard against the dangers of summer

During the summer we must do as the people who live in tropical regions have learned to do. They regulate their lives according to the conditions of the climate,

During a prolonged hot spell all undue activity should be suspended, especially at mid-day. During their vacations people of sedentary habits should not indulge in violent exerrice. Unnecessary exposure to the rays of the sun should be avoided. Coing about in the sun bare-headed a bad for the hair, the skin, and the health.

We really ought, during the hot serson, to reserve the cooler hours. for any special activity and take a siesta af noon.

In hot weather cut down the meats and fat- to a low point. The main diet should consist of cereals, freite vegetables: fruits and skimmed milk or buttermilk. Fresh fish and exc. may be taken in addition by those who must consume a heartier diet

Do not use stimulating drinks of any keed and do not drink large quantities of ice water. The latter drink, if taken in excess, distends the stomach and weakens digestive power and therefore vitality,

Milk should never be gulned down in large quantities, but sipped slowly. The reason is that when hurriedly poured down it forms a large, bard curd in the stomach which is not so easily digested as the small soft card that forms when the milk is supped. A large hard eard also interferes with the digestion of other food. Summer clothing should be light

to weight and in voter. Underwear may be of light gause merino and the outer carments of loose woven

The Necessary Qualification.

Tommy Timson, the office box, had been detected in a lie, and a fatherly eterk gave him some Lindly advice. "Do you know, my boy, what becomes of young boys who trifle with the truth?" he asked; "Aye," was the reply; bosses send them out as travelers when they grow up!"

Very Near It.

One Eunday afternoon Claribel's little sister, Maud, aged four, was scaled beside Claribel on the sofa-Presently the little girl asked of her elder sister's flance, "Aren't 1 your sweetheart, Mr. Clarker" "Well," answered Mr. Clarke, with a fond glance at Claribel, "you're

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Rioting Breaks Out in Jail as Francis and His Party Arrive to Free Henry

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.) (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir
Henry Morgan, historic buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for
a while and plans a fishing trip. To
Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes
Alvarez Torres, a South American, who
announces he has a tip on the location of
treasure buried by Morgan in the old
pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon
landing he encounters a strange young
woman who appears to mistake him for
some one clae. He is fired upon by three

some one clae. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of

Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is savel from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his place. Learning finds her fancy. Pirate Morgan, in his place. Leoncia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save Henry.

"And why not, Rafael?" Pedro Zurita retorted. "Are we not all so

What Was in the Box? "Without doubt," Rafael readily agreed. "The conquistadores slew many"-

"And we are the ancestors of those that survived," Pedro completed for him and aroused a general laugh. "Just the same, almost would I give one of these pesos to know what is in that box."

"There is Ignacio," Rafael greeted the entrance of a turnkey whose heavy eyes tokened that he was just out of his siesta. "He was not paid to be honest. Come, Ignacio, relieve our curiosity by letting us know what is in the box." "How should I know?" Ignacio

demanded, blinking at the subject of interest. "Only now have I awakened. "You have not been paid to be honest, then?" Rafael asked, "Merciful Mother of God! who is

the man who would pay me to be honest?" the turnkey demanded. "Then take the hatchet there and open the box." Rafael drove his point home. "We may not, for as surely as Pedro is to share the two pesos with us, that surely have we been paid to be honest. Open the

box, Ignacio, or we shall perish of our curiosity." We will look-we will only ook," Pedro muttered nervously, as the turnkey pried off a board with the blade of the hatchet, "Then we will close the box again and- Put your hand in. Ignacio. What is it you find? * * * Eh? What does

t feel like? Ah:" After pulling and tugging, Ignaclo's hand and reappeared clutchng a cardboard carton.

Remove it carefully, for it must be replaced," the jailer cautioned. And when the wrappings of paper and tissue were removed all eyes were focused on a quart bottle of rye whiskey,

"How excellently it is composed," Pedro murmured in tones of awe. 'It must be very good that such care be taken of it." A Good Excuse.

"It is Americano whiskey," sighed a gendarme. "Once, only, have I drunk Americano whiskey. It was wonderful. Such was the courage of it, that I leaped into the bullring at Santos and faced a wild bull with my hands. It is true, the bull rolled me, but did I not

leap into the ring?" Pedro took the bottle and prepared to knock its neck off. "Hold!" cried Rafael. "You were paid to be honest."

"By a man who was not himself honest," came the retort. "The stuff is contraband. It has never paid duty. The old man is in possession of smuggled goods. Let us now gratefully and with clear conscience invest ourselves in its possession. We will confiscate it. We will destroy it."

Not waiting for the bottle to pass, Ignacio and Rafael unwrapped fresh ones and broke off the necks. Three stars-most excellent,

Pedro Zurita orated in a pause, pointing to the trade mark. "You see, all Gringo whiskey is good. One star shows that it is very good, two stars that it is excetlent; three stars that it is supero, the best, and better than beyond that. Ah. I know. The Gringos are strong on strong drink. No pulque for them."

And four stars" queried Ignacio, his voice husky from the liquor, the moisture glistening in his eyes. "Four stars? Friend Ignacio, four stars would be either sudden death

or translation into Paradise." In not many minutes Rafael, his arm around another gendarme, was calling him brother and proclaiming that it took little to make men happy here below "The old man was a fool, three

times a fool, and thrice that," volunteered Augustina, a sullen gendarme, who for the first time gave tongue to speech. "Viva Augustino;" cheered Ra-

"Three stars have worked a miracle! Behold have they not unlocked Augustino's mouth?" "And thrice time thrice again was the old man a fool!" Augustino bellowed flercely. "The very drink of the gods was his, all his, and he has

been five days alone with it on the

road from Eocas del Toro and never taken one little sip. Such foels as he should be stretched out naked on an ant heap, say I." "The old man was a rogue," quoth Pedro. "And when he comes back tomorrow for his three stars I shall

arrest him for a smuggler. It will he a feather in all our caps. The Effect of Liquor.

"If we destroy the evider thus?" queried Augustino, knocking

off another neck. "We will save the evidenceempty bottle on the stone flags. "Listen, comrades. The box was very heavy-we are all agreed. It fell. The bottles broke. The liquor ran out, and so we were made aware of the contraband. The box

and the broken bottles will be evidence sufficient."

The uproar grew as the liquor diminished. One gendarme quarreled with Ignacio over a forgotten debt of ten centavos. Two others sat upon the floor, arms around each other's necks, and wept over the miseries of their married lot. Augustino, like a very spendthrift of speech, explained his philosophy that silence was golden, and Pedro Zurita

became sentimental on brotherhood. "Even my prisoners," he maundered, "I love them as brothers. Life is sad." A gush of tears in his eyes made him desist while he took another drink. "My prisoners are my very children. My heart bleeds for them. Behold! I weep. Let us share with them. Let them have a moment's happiness - Ignacio, dearest brother of my heart. Do me a favor. See, I weep on your hand. Carry a bottle of this elixir to the Gringo Morgan. Tell him my sorrow that he must hang tomorrow. Give him my love and bid him drink and be

happy today, And as Ignacio passed out on the errand the gendarme who had once leaped into the bull ring at Santos began roaring:

"I want a buil! I want a buil!" "He wants it, dear soul, that he may put his arms around it and love it," Pedro Zurita explained, with a fresh access of weeping. "I, too, love bulls. I love all things. I love even mosquitos. All the world is love. That is the secret of the world. I should like to have a lion to play with.

The unmistakable air of "Back to Back Against the Mainmast, being whistled openly in the street, caught Henry's attention, and he was crossing his big cell to the window when the grating of a key in the door made him lie down quickly on the floor and feign sleep. Ignacio staggered drunkenly in, bottle in hand, which he gravely presented to Henry.

"With the high compliments of our good jailer, Pedro Zurita," he mumbled. "He says to drink and forget that he must stretch your neck tomorrow.

My high compliments to Senor Pedro Zurita, and tell him from me to go to -, along with his whiskey." Henry replied. The turnkey straightened up

and ceased swaying, as if suddenly become sober. A Short Fuse. "Very well, senor," he said, then passed out and locked the door.

In a rush Henry was at the window, just in time to encounter Francis, face to face, and thrusting a revolver through the bars.

"Greetings, camarada," Francis said. "We'll have you out of here in a jiffy." He held up two sticks of dynamite, with fuse and caps complete. "I have brought this pretty crowbar to pry you out Stand well back in your cell, because real pronto there's going to be a hole in this wall that we could sail the Angelique through. And the Angelique is right off the beach waiting for you. Now, stand back. I'm going to touch her off.

It's a short fuse." Hardly had Henry backed into a rear corner of his cell when the door was clumsily unlocked and opened to a babel of cries and imprecations, chiefest among which he could hear the ancient and invariable war cry of Latin-America, "Kill the Gringo!"

Also, he could hear Rafael and Pedro as they entered babblingthe one, "He is the enemy of brotherly love," and the other, "He said was going to --- Is not that what he said, Ignacio." In their hands they carried rifles.

and behind them surged the drunken rabble, variously armed from cutlasses and horsepistols to hatchets and bottles. At sight of Henry's revolver they halted, and Pedro, fingering his rifle unsteadily, maundered solemnly:

"Senor Morgan, you are about to take up your rightful abode in the nether world.

But Ignacio did not wait. He fired wildly and widely from his hip. missing Henry by half the width of the cell and going down the next moment under the impact of Henry's bullet. The rest retreated precipitately into the jail corridor. where, themselves unseen, they began discharging their weapons into

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



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